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Our Work.

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Editor-in-Chief,

T. C. SMITH.

Society Editors,

Linconia,
JOHN S. BOORD.

Franklin,
C. W. FINLEY.

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Our Work.

VOL. 1. JUNE, 1877. NO. 1.

LINCONIA DEPARTMENT.

JOHN S. BOORD, Editor.

TO A GORILLA IN A MENAGERIE.

BY F. W. CLARKE.

"O mighty ape!
Half beast, half man,
Thy uncouth shape
Betrays a plan
The gulf of Being at a bound to span.
Thou art the link between ourselves and brutes,
Lifting the lower to a higher plane;
Thy human face all cavilers refutes,
Who sneer at Darwin as a dreamer vain.
How camest thou beneath this canvas tent
Within this cage? behind these iron bars
Thou, whose young days in tropic lands were spent,
With strange companions, under foreign stars?
Art thou not lonely? what is life to thee
Thus mewed in prison, innocent of crime,
Become a spectacle for crowds to see,
And reckless boys to jeer at all the time?
Hast thou no feelings such as we possess?
Art thou devoid of any sense of shame?
Rise up, O brother, and thy wrongs redress
Rise in thy might, and be no longer tame!"

paused in my apostrophe; the animal arose:
e seized the bars that penned him in; my blood in terror froze;
e shook the cage from side to side; the frightened people fled;
hen in a tone of savage wrath the horrid monster said:
'm hired by the wake to wear the dhirty craythur's shkin;
come from Tipperary, and me name is Mickey Flynn."

[Scribner for June.

Commencement Exercises.

This season of very busy work to some, of feverish anxiety to others, and of pleasure to all, has again come and gone.

It was ushered in by an entertainment by the pioneer society, the Linconia, which for care in preparation, excellence in productions and enthusiasm, was more like the Linconia of old than we have known for years.

We take the liberty of introducing selections from several of the most prominent exercises, believing it to be the best means to acquaint our readers with the thought of the students.

The exuberance and imperfection of figures will be manifest to many; but let each remember that we always have the flower before the fruit, "the odor of a sweet smell," and the hightened color, before the modest but nutritious good.

Youth is preeminently the time of flowers, as may be seen at almost every entertainment, when the stage is decorated lavishly with them, and the speech likewise.

What we give to-day is the promise of that which shall be.

The salutatory by Mr. L. B. Oursler, of Oakland City, was delivered in a calm, dignified, and impressive manner, so that his thoughts sped with redoubled force. There was no thunder in his voice, but much ligh-

ning in his words. We give it entire:

[Delivered in College Chapel June 2, 1877.]

When I survey the vast audience an impressive picture is presented to my view. Here I behold the aged fathers and mothers, the sands of whose lives are almost run; the middle aged, strong in body and mind; the youth whose hearts beat high with hopes and aspirations of future greatness; and helpless infants, not yet entangled in the toils and perplexities of life.

How vastly different the motives that now move the people and those that moved the multitude of ancient Rome.

Public exhibitions of muscular strength are numbered with the institutions of the past. The present is distinctly an age of intellect, of active, aggressive thought. Minds are being taxed as minds were never taxed before. The competitions that now stimulate men to their utmost are competitions of the intellect.

No longer does nation war against nation for the mere purpose of testing their strength. No longer are the multitudes attracted to the arena to witness the terribles combat and ruthless blood-shed of ambitious gladiators. No longer do they send up shouts of joy at seeing their fellow mortals writhing in the throes of dying agony. These things have passed away and mankind is actuated by higher motives and nobler aspirations. Art, mechanism, science, and literature, are the powerful magnets that now attract the multitudes. Go where you will, on land or sea, the grand monuments of intellectual activity are presented to our view. Who has not looked with admiration on some fine piece of statuary or magnificent painting? With what wonder and amazement do we watch the movements some mighty engine with its ponde ous wheels, pistons, valves and crank all working together in perfect ha mony.

These and thousands of other i ventions for man's comfort and plea ure are daily attracting multitudes admiring spectators; yet all these a but the results of intellectual activit Every feature, every line, every sha of the finest masterpiece was fully d veloped on the tablet of the mind e the crude marble received an impre sion from the chisel of the sculptor, the canvass had received a single touc from the brush of the artist. Eve movement of crank, wheels, ar valves of the intricate machine, w fully planned in the mind of the i ventor before the hand was called shape the materials, or part w joined to part.

See the man of science as he viev nature's handiwork in all its grandeu and beauty. He classifies alike th animal and the vegetable kingdom and gives names to their almost coun less varieties. He can account fo the various phenomena of earthquak and measure the speed of lightning He can gaze into the starry heaven give names to planets, define the orbits and calculate eclipses; or h can descend into the bosom of th earth and read her history from he rocks.

But the manifestations of intellec ual activity are not alone in the pro ductions of art and of mechanism; o in the deep researches of the scientist but also in the broad field of litera ture. The sword—the argument [o other days—is superceded by tha which is mightier.

Poets, essayists, and dramatists novelists, historians and journalists writers of every class are actively en

ed in their respective spheres, ng to the world their richest ights. Thousands of volumes and ions of pages are annually pre- ed and printed; and thousands of lers are enraptured by the perusal he thoughts contained therein.

he orator, too, sways the multi- e by his power to coin thought into ds. In almost breathless silence the enraptured auditors as they borne breathless on the mighty ent of his eloquence.

oth tongue and pen which are ded with such wonderful effect are guided by the sovereign whose ne is the intellect.

nd, so, ladies and gentleman, you e assembled, not to witness the l of brawn, but to feel the lances hought hurled with strength by vigorous aim of the mind. As conians, we greet you with a most rty welcome, and earnestly hope you may be so well entertained, in after life, when the incidents shall occur, and the words that l be spoken may be recalled to d, they will excite emotions of lloyed pleasure and fiind an echo very heart.

---

he oration by Wilber E. Smith the best of his usually *good* luctions, though the title of it, May It Be," led many to wonder t the gist of it was. At the e, however, he aptly turned the of thought so that the words led up involuntarily from the rt.

SO MAY IT BE.

* * * *

he durability and supremacy of all erstructures depends, to a *great* ree, upon the foundations on which rest. The pages of every chron- of every biography and of every history in the land, are but records of the truth of this statement.

The illustrations of its authenticity are as numerous as the sands that form the sea shore. Apply it when you will to the life of an individual, to the success of a body politic are to the existence of nations, and you will find that the same holds good in either, and that it is really the *germ* which eventually gives rise to "The survival of the fittest."

* * * * *

The reputation of an individual, the fame of politicians, the happiness and prosperity of a people, or the glories of a nation may *seem* to have reached *perfection*; yet if there be not the proper foundation beneath, when the test of time comes, when the winds blow and the rains beat upon that superstructure, it totters and falls. Nothing can save it. Its beauty, its grandeur, its *power* vanish as do the mists before the noonday sun.

Greece, the mother of art and the *cradle* of wisdom could not evade the inevitable results that are sure to accompany a change from a firm to a fickle basis. For, when she, with her own hands, removed her foundation of friendship and harmony, and in its stead planted one of discord and contention, she *sank never* to rise again.

Rome, that country which at one time swayed her scepter of government over the entire civilized world, and which seemed to have reached *perfection* in power and grandeur alike was wrecked. When the test of time was brought to bear upon her, when her *all* depended upon the foundation on which she stood, is was found wanting; and imperial proud mistress of the world, Rome, bowed her head into the dust.

* * * * *

In glancing back o'er the broad ex-

panse of time we see upon every hand, individual, political, and *national* wrecks. So vast are they in number that we are lost in wonder and amazement while gazing upon the ruins, and wondering if there will not be at least *one* bark that will bid defiance to the storms of time. As we bewail the loss of time, of talent and labor that man has spent in erecting those now demolished objects and chiding him for his imperfections, for his carelessness in laying the foundation, there appears in the distance a majestic ship of state.

* * * * *

Her structure is composed of 49 parts, separate and distinct; yet her mechanism is such that together they stand as a unit.

* * * * *

The grand constellation of stars accompanied by the alternation of red and white stripes unfurl themselves to the breeze and proclaim to all her love of liberty and her enmity to oppression. She has scarce been tried, yet with the more experienced she rides with ease the raging billows and plows with a *queenly* mien the foaming sea.

Hers is a record worthy of attention. At her helm have stood 19 noble sons as captains, who with honor to themselves and to their noble ship of state, have guided her course through the darkening mists and the tempestuous storms on to the bosom of a calm and quiet sea.

* * * * *

Her life has been imperiled; she has been shaken from center to circumference; her existence has trembled in the balance, and it has taken the life-blood of her noble sons to redeem her; but the sacrifice has been sufficient for the redemption. And now, after she has passed through the fiery ordeal, she grows brighter and more powerful as she journeys.

* * * * *

Within this *Book* of books are found the principles on which she centers her hopes. Her foundation is sure and steadfast; for to-day, she stands historically, constitutionally and permanently, a Christian nation. The fibers of her national existence do *not* take root in heathen mythology nor in Roman and Grecian philosophy; but they spring from a germ having for its very pleasure *christianity*. Her constitution, that powerful chain which binds her parts together, had its origin in prayer, and hence recognizes the rights that God gave to man. Her common law is Christian, for it recognizes the Sabbath as a day of rest, punishes blasphemy, appointed chaplains for the army and navy, and proclaimed a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God. She not only permits but requires the recognization of the equality of all mankind. Her sons and daughters, be they humble or lofty, all alike drink from the fountain of a general education. And liberty, the sweetest of morsels, she gives to them without stint. Not sparingly but freely, as does the bounteous rain moisten the withered earth. Not to her own sons and daughters alone does she extend this hospitality, but all who will, from every kindred from every tribe on this terrestrial ball may come and partake of her bounties.

* * * * *

And thus as a model nation with her incentives pure, onward she speeds over the expanse of time, surmounting the breakers until finally the veil of futurity obscures our vision; but with prophetic eye we follow her into the unfathomed future and see her stand-

; out in bold relief as the entrepot nations.

Not swerving to the right hand nor the left, but with her prow ever ected toward the beacon light that nds beyond the confines of time, she eeds on and on. Heaven and earth l her God speed, and the reechoes of ıe proclaim the same good will. e thinks that, as she brings her car- of precious souls in sight of the ernal shores, that the vaulted heav- in union with the stars that deck e dome thereof bid her a hearty lcome; that from the harpers there w strains of sweetest music while e inhabitants of the celestial and rrestrial clasp glad hands and fill e air with songs of praise and anksgiving.

But this, you say, is prophetic. It merely visionary. Whether it be or not, I feel—I know, that I but echo the sentiment of every heart ien I say, "*So May It Be.*"

The Baccalaureate Sermon by the esident on Sunday at 10 A. M., was Man, as known by Science and the ble; learning all that could be rned of him from the one source, *ience*, and then placing in compari- therewith what is revealed of him the Bible. His discourse came der the three questions: MAN: *hence is he? What is he? hat is his Destiny?*

On Monday night the Franklins ve a public entertainment, rich and e. They had taken very special ns in the decorations, and had tainly the finest that has ever been de. The orations were both of a itical character, not partisan but riotic, and of a very high order of rals. The entire graduating class ng Franklins, gave occasion for many gratulations, which the society was not loth nor slow to improve.

The oration of D. T. Morgan was in his very best vim, and delivered in that magnetic, wholly-persuaded way, which is so peculiarly his own. As it was somewhat long, and we find we cannot very well make extracts from it, we will publish it entire in the next number of Our Work.

The oration by W. P. Knode was an able discussion of the necessity of Compromises in Politics. It was argumentative, dispassionate, and well delivered.

It must not be supposed because we have made special mention of the orations of these two evenings that the other exercises were unworthy of a like distinction. Far from it; but we have drawn the line at this place, and will say, that with one exception, we liked the exercises very much, and considered them of considerable merit.

On Tuesday night, Prof. Davis and his Glee Club, with full choruses, rendered the "Haymakers," a Cantata requiring an hour and a half in its rendition. No more enjoyable evening has been offered, and all went home from it feeling well repaid.

On Wednesday, at 2:30 P. M., the chapel was filled to hear the graduating essays and oration of the class of '77, consisting of two ladies and one gentleman. Just eleven years ago, two gentlemen and one lady, "the class of '66," were sent out into the wide, wide world,—now the ladies change numbers. Miss Florence A. M. Harvey, who came to the town with her widowed mother, a little girl, very calmly and succinctly traced the progress of Nations, in Science and Religion, from the grandly suggestive words of inspiration, "*Let Light Be.*"

Miss Ora E. Heath, daughter of

Eld. A. R. Heath, long and prominently connected with the College, though suffering much from a recent prostration, read her essay "From Shore to Shore." Many in the large chapel could not catch her words as her voice was weak, but nevertheless they did her the honor to give the attention her production would have received, if she had had a voice strong enough to be heard by all.

Arthur A. Holmes, who has done herculean work in the last two years, delivered the Valedictory.

His words to all were appropriate and tender, and struck the chords of many hearts.

At the conclusion of every address by each, boquets were showered upon the stage, even more lavishly than common.

We are sorry we did not obtain copies of these graduating addresses as they were very creditable, and well worthy of a more extended notice in these columns.

After the conferring of the degrees and benediction, the happy Bachelors of Art received the sincere congratulations of their friends, and the school year of 1876–'77 was ended.

FRANKLIN DEPARTMENT.

G. W. Finley, Editor.

MAN:--An Essay.

Read Before Franklin Society, U. C. College,

BY JOEL MYERS.

Far back in the almost inconceivable cycles of the past, when this sphere was hurled into space by the Great Architect of nature, we are told that it was a mass of matter, without form and void. But He, who had the power to control millions of planets and guide them in their winged course, could fashion and mould these chaotic elements in accordance with His own divine ideal. As time sped on each great day was marked by some decided change. At last, when the work was completed, it was called "good," "very good." Nature was full of rich glories. But, notwithstanding the perfection of all of God's work, there still was something wanting. The crowning masterpiece of creation had not yet been executed. Here was the wide earth without its running streams; here were the birds, warbling forth their notes of praise to their Great Creator; here too were the springing flowers wearing the very impress of love and joy in likeness to Him who made them. The wild beasts roamed at will unnamed and untaught.

Indeed it seemed as though all nature stood in need of *some being* to rule and have dominion over this grand creation; some one endowed with the faculty of appreciating and enjoying the handiwork of God. So the Great Father of lights uttered the solemn and impressive word: "Let us make man," nor did he stop here. Something more was needed to make *His* work what He intended it to be. So he adds "in our image; after our likeness." "And God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him." Thus man came into existence by creation. To substantiate this theory in opposition to that of Darwin, we will give but two statements:

1st. The fact, that the human family increases from few to many, shows that it must have had a beginning some where, and that that beginning

ust have been a single pair or one dividual. If man sprang from the wer order of animals, if their pro- essive nature were such as to devel- into man, would we not see some monstration of it among the animals the present day? And further: if accordance with this theory, each neration of animals becomes more arly allied to man, would there not some danger of them all "retro- ading" into the *"animal"* called an?

The absurdity of this thing is un- ubtedly plain to every candid mind. Hence we acknowledge the former eory, the genesis of man by direct eation, as true, and the teachings of e Pentateuch as the best authenti- ted history of the human family.

David says that God created man a tle lower than the angels and owned him with honor and glory. es, God endowed man with reason d intellect. He implanted within n a germ of superiority over all ner created beings. He gave to him e power of reason and understand- g; a mind susceptible of growth. ut all these things were not bestowed on man in a fully developed or rfect state, but as the germ within e grain of wheat may bring forth e tall slender stalk laden with its ecious burden, or as the kernel of e acorn bursts its narrow cell and nds forth the tall spreading oak, th its waving boughs and its head ed heavenward, so may the natural dowments of man expand and de- lop until the whole world will feel eir power and their presence.

It never was intended that man, at e single stride, should ascend from at situation into which he by trans- ssion fell, to the highest round of ritual growth and intellectual attain- nt; but, as the mason by laying one brick upon another is enabled after days of toil, to present a noble struc- ure to our view, or as these frail bodies of ours are built up and support- ed by constant additions to tissues, so must the intellect of man grow and expand by taking on infinitesimals of thought and action.

From the minds of active thinking men sprang those enterprises of this world which are the sources of all happiness. Each generation of man *is* and *should* be wiser than the one preceding it, because it has the lives and experience of all who have lived before it as a foundation on which to begin its work. This is ours to-night, fellow-Franklins. Men who were as beacon lights in their day, have lived and moved from the stage of action, leaving behind them a brilliant record which is worthy of our imitation.

That one in whose name we meet to-night was a bright star in the intellectual firmament, whose genius and talent outshone that of his predecessors, or even of his cotemporaries. And truly, under his encouraging presence, we can exclaim together, *Bonum Exemplum Sequimur.* Then may man, who can truly be called the masterpiece of God's creation, with his lovely helpmeet by his side, tread the paths of earth until the dawn of the millennial morn shall awaken him to complete the connecting link that binds this earth to heaven.

KINDNESS.

MISS VIRIA V. SNIDOW, OF WEAUBLEAU INSTITUTE.

Kindness will go farther and yield more pleasure in the world than all the haughtiness and asperity that can

possibly be assumed. How much better it is to act kindly and naturally toward our fellowmen, and even to the domestic animals about us, than to act in a selfish and spiteful manner, which not only causes others to despise us, but, on reflection, causes us to despise ourselves. Who can estimate the value of a kind word? It falls on the heart of one surrounded by poverty and wretchedness, like a ray of sunshine in the depths of the forest. It is but little trouble to drop kind words all along the paths of life's journey; they will not only make others happy, but will make us happy also. God, in his infinite wisdom, has placed us here and made this earth to be our home. Many of us meet with disappointments. Adversities overtake us and all, whom we have considered our friends, have forsaken us; then kind words fall like oil on the bosom of the reffled waters. When on the other hand an angry word or an angry look will help to sink them into the lowest depths of degradation or misery.

A kind word when spoken to a little child will make its heart overflow with joy, every fear of its bosom will disappear; it will raise the drooping head and with new energies will engage in the duties of life. We see the aged around us, whose hairs have been whitened by the winters of age, and we know that their remaining days on earth are few. Then let us drop kind words along their pathway and hel to make them happy, it will be bu little trouble, and their value ca not be estimated.

We have kind parents who hav watched over us with tender kin ness and administered to our man wants, and perhaps we have lovin brothers and sisters. Let us b kind to them; we know not wha moment we may be separated fro them by the grim monster, death then the scenes of our childhoo will present themselves to our mind and we will ask ourselves. Hav we ever offered them in any way Have we ever caused their hearts t bleed with sorrow from the effect of our harsh words or angry looks If we have offended them in an way the reflection will bite like serpent and sting like an adder.

Kindness will raise the droopin head of pining worth, pour the baln of consolation into every heart raise the dejected spirit, and, lik the harp of David, calm the billow of the soul.

LESSON IN ZOOLOGY.

BY PROF. D. J. EVANS.

What insect should we write con cerning, was a question, not long t be considered. Since the 15th da of May no bug, spider or beetle has been before our eyes and on ou mind as the "Potato Bug." Earl and late, sunshine and rain, "schoo weeks" and "vacation," there is bu

one thing. Coleoptera is the
ly order that engages our atten-
n, and of this order the *Dory-*
ora 10 *lineata* has been our care.
on the Rocky mountains and es-
cially in Colorado the "potato
g" had its origin. It lived on the
ferent species of the *solanum* or
genus of which the potato is a
cies. About 17 years ago it be-
n to "move east." It came east-
rd where civilization had prepar-
field and garden. The potato
came its exclusive food and abun-
nce of food increased the number
individuals hatched at a brood,
l the number of broods in a sea-
n. It continued its progress east-
rd until it crossed the Mississippi
fore 1865, and by 1875 it had
ched the Atlantic ocean. Its
gress eastward seemed to have
en more rapid after crossing the
ssissippi. Besides spreading to-
rd the Atlantic it wandered also
o the Southern States. But the
gress of the "bug" toward the
an across the Southern region
s more tardy than in more North-
latitudes. As the Doryphora is
igenous to the canons and pla-
us of the Rocky mountains in
alpine altitudes, the colder re-
ns of the North were more con-
ive to its prolificness, and as a
ult we find the Northern armies
he beetle reaching the harbor be-
e the Southern wing.

A description of the potato bug
uld probably, be unnecessary.
But there are two kinds of bugs called potato bugs, which resemble one another. One is very injurious to potatoes and other species of *solanum*, while the other kind of beetle never injures the potato. These two species, though they are similar in many respects, yet they can be readily distinguished. The true Colorado potato beetle has two rows of black spots on the sides, while the other variety has but one. The latter is seldom seen north of the Ohio.

The potato bug hibernates in the ground from the depth of a few inches to several feet. In the early part of May it emerges from the ground and seeks the nearest potato patch. It climbs the potato vine and lays its eggs, from 50 to 70 in a place, on the underside of the leaves. The eggs are transparent and of an orange color. In two weeks more the bug has reached the maturity of the larva state and enters the ground and lives its pupa state. In a few days it emerges a perfect insect.

There are three broods in a year, and each brood consists of about 600 individuals. That at the end of the season each parent bug has about one million descendants.

But the unfortunate bug has its enemies. As soon as it manifested its desire for destroying the potato vine, man became its implacable foe. His warfare with "paris green" and boiling water has been unmitigated. The depredation at the hand of man has not been the only cause of grief to the *doryphora*. Insects and birds prey upon them. A kind of fly, similar to the house fly in color and form, make, next to man, the greatest havoc in the ranks of the enemy. This insect lays its eggs on the egg of the beetle, and

the larva of the fly consumes the beetle's larva. In some places, these flies are very numerous—in places infested by the bug. The soldier bug also with its sharp beak pierces the fat young bug and sucks its juice, and leaves a thin, empty, dead shell. Another large beetle with an angular back and sides, devours many. But the "lady bird" or *Mysia, 15 pundetee,* is the most efficient of the beetles in destroying the potato beetle. It devours a great number of the eggs of the potato bug. A certain kind of wasps also take the eggs and the small grubs into its nest.

The means that man resorts to for destroying the potato bug, are, paris green, boiling water, and knocking the bug from the vine and trampling upon it.

In many places the use of paris green is prohibited by law. But the best scientific authorities claim that it is perfectly safe to use it on the vines. For it does not impart any of its poison either to the vine or to the tuber below. And if it is sprinkled on the ground it will not effect the potato in the least, inasmuch as it will be dissolved and disintegrated and changed into a harmless compound before it is absorbed by the plant. And it is also affected by the iron which is extensively distributed in the soil, and the two form a harmless substance. One of the best means for saving potatoes from the depredations of the beetle is turning chickens into the patch while the bug is yet very small. We have noticed that chickens will destroy the larva of the beetle, as well as the larva of insects that prey upon it, while the larva are small, but they avoid the thick, fat, beetle, when it is about to enter the pupa state. We also believe that fowls will learn to relish even those, if, in some way, they could be co pelled to eat them. For anima like man, will acquire habits a tastes, and can be made to cultivate desire for food that they at fi avoid.

The Siege of Magdebur

"Deliver Us From Evil."

[Continued.]

On the morning of the tenth May, 1631, the Kuhuert family, was their custom, were gather around their old table, which w the last piece of furniture they h remaining. They had thanked t Giver of every Good ; although t desired gift—precious bread—was be seen neither upon the table n anywhere else in the room. Therefo the sad eyes of the children glisten with large tears, while their mout overflowed with praises to the Highe

Observing this, and to relieve h own faint-heartedness, Mrs. Kuhue began to speak: "Children, t Lord has neither neglected nor miss us. He still will care for us to-day

There was a light knock at t door. It seemed to the mother a her children nothing else than that was the Father in Heaven himsel who had come to fill and to comfo them. With holy awe Mrs. Kuhue went to open the door. A pale-face child looked in. It was the chor singer Lippert, who in the beginnin of this story had helped the lam Sigismund to school.

"Come, Sigismund"—he spok hastily—"the chorus sings agai Tilla has sent in a trumpeter. H will make a treaty. That is a joy the whole town! Already are t citizens moving slowly home from t walls; and perfect peace will be sur Our neighbor, the merchant, thin

a can not offer us worse conditions
n did formerly the Saxon elector,
rice. To-day every one will give
bly, from pleasure. Therefore
e quickly!"

till, it was a messenger of peace,
angel of God, who, sent by the
d, had knocked at their door!

With his singing book under his
, Sigismund sauntered away, ac-
panied with the good wishes of his
s.

To-day the chorus consisted of only
t children; but in their joy, they
g for three fold their number.
pert's reckoning proved io be quite
rect. Joyful news was the best
-pick for all the stores of provis-
s of the wealthy, which till now
been kept secure.

The pockets of the chorus-scholars
ended with provisions of all kinds;
their hands contained sufficient
satisfy their hunger.

In imagination, Sigismund soon saw
self at home and heard the cry of
over the nnexpected rich things:
he longed for the end of the
ging to be at hand.

With the bare hope of the golden
ce, soon was all need forgotten.
e women stood chatting before the
ses; and at the armed citizens on
ir way home, they cast many a
e, which also did not remain un-
wered. Active business again
d the deserted streets. The stores
ned and many an article of trade
herto missed, was exposed for sale.

Then suddenly—quickly following
another—sounded through the
ets the clang of the alarm bells of
parish churches of St. Ulric and
i. The bells of the cathedral
n followed; and then of St. John's
urch. Still did new metal tongues
themselves in commotion, until
finally the town clanged on all sides and ends.

"Peace is ploclaimed by the ringing of the bells!"cried joyous voices.

"It is an alarm!" answered others full of deathly fear.

"A firm mountain is our God,"—sang the wondering chorus."

"The enemy scales the wall!' cried a single fugitive.

"A good defense and—" then the band of children wept.

"To arms!" interrupted the unterrified blacksmith, and he hastened away to make his words true.

Irregular firing now declared only too well the meaning of the universal ringing. A dull din arose in the distance, and increased more and more, and finally became the wild tumult of battle. It came still nearer and nearer, preceded by the cry of terror of fleeing women and of defenceless citizens.

The chorus. as if petrified, stood spell bound; when there hastened out of a side street a company of strange warriors with eyes and weapons gleaming murder upon the wretched ones. Neither their youth nor their arms suppliantly raised protected them from the strokes of the barbarians. They sank as one of the bloodiest victims of religious hatred. Struck with a deadly blow, poor Lippert had carried down with him, in his fall, his hind-man, our Sigismund. The shock had been so great that the head of the unhappy boy struek with much force against Sigismund's lame knee; and at the loud snap made by the disiocated bone, a still louder cry escaped him. He thought in his deathly anguish that a ball had shattered his knee.

Like young corn cut down by the strokes of hail, the little band lay together in a heap. Only Lippert, although with the back part of his

head gaping open, and Sigismund still breathed. When the latter recovered from his death-like stun, he saw that his dying friend lay upon his lame leg. The involuntary motion, which he then made, waked the one apparently dead. Lippert's bright eyes sought those of his friend.

"Sigismund!"—he begged in a distinct voice—"be still so good as to give me the white roll out of my right pocket: I am so hungry."

Sigismund, with trembling hands, performed his wish.

Conveying the food to his mouth, he now continued,—"My head is so heavy! Help me up!"

Sigismund had a faint idea of the exciting circumstances; still he undertook the severe duty as tenderly as possible. Now for the first time, Lippert perceived the stream of blood, which ran down from him upon his friend's clothing. Then terrified, he spoke: "Ah, Sigismund! tell your mother, that I—nothing for it can—that your breeches—full of blood—"

Be it, that the sand of the hour glass of his life was run through, or, that the old baked bread had choked him—he stopped suddenly, quivered just once, and was dead.

Sigismund let the corpse slide softly upon the other dead, then he hastened away.

The men of blood had gone further. Mutilated corpses marked out their path. Still he saw in the distance a Croat, who upon the point of his pike carried a writhing child. This horrible sight aroused him to new life.

Could not that child be his Elisabeth, and how do the others fare? Wonderful! Had the sudden stroke upon his knee set the bone back into its socket, or had the fear of death worked a quick cure? The lameness was gone, and with light feet he was able to spring homeward. Upon his flight, he heard, in the neighboring streets, the terribly increasing tumult of the struggling of the enemy, as well as the powerful resistance of the citizens. He had no eyes for the frightfully murdered ones under his feet. Only as he hastened across the cathedral place, he perceived how moaning women with their children fled from all sides to the open portal of the revered house of God.

"O mother! mother! come quickly," he cried to the half-dead woman, "save yourself or you are lost!"

Without making a single explanation, he seized his two youngest sisters and followed by the mother and her oldest daughter, he ran with swift feet to the neighboring cathedral. A few minutes later and the asylum would have been closed. From terror the trembling hands of the sexton were scarcely able to find the key-hole with the great key, because the cry of murder already sounded in the immediate neighborhood. Therefore the men within defended the doors against the opening with their bodies until all the bolts were firmly in place.

The whole church was full of wailing people. They consisted in a great measure of women, children, and gray-headed men; still the men of the church had taken care to have the pious preacher Backins among the terrified crowd. The ringing of the alarm had ceased, because the bellmen thought that they must care for themselves. Terrible fear had produced as if by magic, a deep stillness over all imprisoned in the church. Every ear was open for the outside world which from minute to minute suffered more terribly. Volley followed volley; so that the church windows rattled. Already had several musket balls struck through the panes and had

ındered against the thick oaken ors. One plainly heard the coura- ous bellowing of the invaders, the of revenge of the attacked,. the ath cry of the expiring, and the reaming and groaning of the fallen ne tumult still increased, and reached en to the steps of the church. A ked board partition protected the spairing people from the pitiless ngel of Death, who without rest and thout respect swung his bloody ord on all sides.

Now before the doors, a tender wo- anly voice implored,—"In the name the Crucified Savior, let me in!"

"Open up! let us in," begged weep- g children, in heart-piercing tones of oe. Ah! for the sake of their own ves they could not and dared not ful- l their requests. Deaf to the rayers—always reechoed more anx- usly—they had to leave the unhappy nes to their fate, which truly was de- ded quick enough. A shrill out-cry ierced the air; a low rattling in the nroat followed, and then the miserable ones had ceased their sufferings.

In an hour Magdeburg's fate was etermined; the town was in the ower of the enemy, and every re- istence was vain. The brave little and of citizens, who, in the streets ourageously defended their homes, ad ceased to live. They, who fell ith weapons in their hands, found, n the least measure, the bitterness of eath; but woe to the others, whom he desired end often reached only fter long torture. Here, no age, po- ition or sex gave protection. Should father, with his family, bending upon is knees and praying to God, wait or the barbarians rushing in or should e carry his fortune to them; should e beseech or defend himself, remain r flee; still death reached both him d his. In a few exceptions, only — where their greedy avidity did not find enough—they suffered the citizens to live, in order to obtain the promised ransom.

Who are this band of timid doves, seeking with anxious winged haste to avoid the hawk rushing after them? They are Magdeburg's maidens, the noblest of their sex, an hundred in number, who in wild flight rush upon the bridge across the Elbe. Their beautiful countenances are distorted, their cheeks are pale, their eyes are troubled, their hair flies loosely in the air, their modest attire flutters, their little feet are winged, their open mouths gasp hard for breath, and high heaves each terror-filled breast. Having halted midway upon the bridge, their eyes cast one fearful look at the wild pursuing horde. Then their tender hands unite them in one inseperable band. Their pious lips now loudly implore,—"Lord Jesus, pity Thou us!"—and with one quick spring they are out of the reach of the pitiless enemy. The river Elbe, with its wet, cold arms, embraces its lovely prey and gives them a bed on its motionless heart and carries them down to the ocean's salty flood. The cursing servants of the Devil look down at them, and, exasperated return again to the town to new misdeeds.

LOCALS.

Miss Emma Beagle, class '79, hied away immediately upon the closing of the term to visit friends and relatives in Fountain county, Ind, and Vermillion county, Ills.

Mr. Arthur A. Holmes, '77, rusticates this summer, and expects to wield the rod of authority this fall

Miss Florence Harvey, '77, goes to Oberlin, Ohio, at which place her mother expects to make her home

until Miss Georgie graduates from the Department of Music, in '79. Meanwhile Miss Florence continues the Greek, and will return in '78, if her health permit the labor, to take the classical A. B., with her friend, Libbie Hatten.

Miss Ora E Heath will travel this summer to regain the health that long-continued study and too close application indoors has impaired.

Prof. L. F. Watson, who resigned Dec. 1, '76, and entered about Jan. 1, upon his new duties as editor and proprietor of Hoopeston Chronicle, has disposed of that paper to the proprietors from whom he purchased it. They, it seems, found they had sold themselves out of employment in disposing of their paper; and having looked around for some place to invest their money, but in vain, they concluded The Chronicle was their best investment and gave the Prof his price in the repurchase. The Prof., we presume, is now like a fish out of water.

Leonard B Ousler takes charge of the Merom graded shools, in the fall. In the meantime, during the summer he will work at insurance.

John H. Singer expects to continue his studies this summer, and to take a full classical course. That is right. Let us have one hundred others who will do likewise.

Cora Turner's parents are making preparation to move to Kansas in August. Mr. Turner has traded his farm for a half section of land, grasshoppers included, and will go largely into stock-raising. Cora will doubtless come out a "school marm" in that growing State.

Mrs Mary Summerbell Heath has returned from a visit made to her father's in Greenville, Ohio. Friend Harpie whistles longer and livelier than for some weeks past, presumably on that account.

Burglars gave Mrs. Ford a scare by entering the cellar, and trying to force their way into the house, while the Professor was absent from home in attendance upon the levee. They failed, however, succeeding only in getting something to eat, and in carrying off an umbrella that stood out in the front portico.

Miss Kate Knignt, who has a host of friends everywhere she is known, and who has been affiicted so long—nearly four months—was able to attend most of the Commencement exercises. She is still convalescing.

"Blue's Drug Store" has become to Merom people a synonym for saloon. 'Tis not the first time that men have stolen "the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

James A. Marlow was reelected County Superintendent of schools for Sullivan county, for the term of two years. Prof. Marlow, who was formerly a student in U. C C., is well qualified to fill the place, being unassuming, careful, and consciencious, and his reelection is a compliment well deserved.

Rev. Wm. R Wright, Theolog., is taking shadows in Oakland City, Indiana. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The Board of Trustees have expressed a willingness to vacate a part of the College grounds, three or four acres, for a play ground. Bring your grubbing hoes next fall, boys.

S. J. Pardee, of '76, has accepted the principalship of the Wilson Union School, Wilson, Niagara county, N. Y. Salary $1,100.

D. T. Morgan, '76, who filled so acceptably for six months, the place

nade vacant by the resignation of Prof. L. F. Watson, takes charge of ne Hagerstown Graded Schools.

J. W. Davidson, '76, was an applicant in May last for the office of County Superintendent of schools, Vanderburg county. Although the Board of Electors was Democratic by majority of three, and Mr. Davidson Republican, yet he "tied" his Democratic opponent in the vote. He lost owever by the vote of the Auditor.

M. P. Ward, '76, principal of Middletown schools, Vigo county, succeeds himself in '77. An excellent hing for the schools.

Fruit scarce in and about Merom. 'hat occurs very seldom.

Mr. and Mrs. Lash, of Athens, Ohio, have come to make their home ith their son-in law, Prof. Evans. 'his is a good acquisition to Merom

Several vacant houses in Merom. Vho wants to remove his family to quiet, Moral town, where living is heap, and educational facilities are nsurpassed? Write to the president efore it is too late.

The grist mill that has been the ause of so much loss to many of our itizens, and has done more for the ast year or two to drive trade away, as passed into the hands of a comany composed of our staunchest men, nd is already bringing back much of he lost custom.

Burglars abound. They recently isited Mr. Shidler, paying him the ompliment of visiting him even in is sleeping room. Abstracting the tore key from his pocket, and forgeting to put his tobacco back after borowing a chew, they visited the store nd fitted themselves out with boots nd clothing, tobacco and bologne usasage, and being used so much to tealing, they "silently stole away,"

MORAL.—Always leave your tobacco in the pig-pen. It entices thieves, if kept in the house.

Mrs. Alice C Brown, *nee* Shepard, of Bedford, Taylor county, Iowa, is on a visit to her former home. She reports the grasshoppers *non sunt*, and everything prosperous in that Republican stronghold. The evidence she gives of the healthfulness of the climate, and of the fact that they are having plenty to eat in that country is indubitable.

Mrs. President Smith and little folks have gone on their usual summer visit to her father's. Meanwhile the president goes to Ohio on a visit to the home of his boyhood and to deliver an address on the 4th of July at Bantam, Clermont county, Ohio.

Ed. Newcom, of Hagerstown, Ind., La Rue Gordon, of Robinson, Ill., Alva C. Collins, of Willow Hill, Ill., and other former students were present at Commencement.

Alverson, J. P., is not a J. P., but a tiller of the soil. He drives Mr. Orcutt's match horses—to the plow.

Matthew Berry and John Wood recently took out license to—"to teach the young idea how to shoot" No use of saying "they are happy."

G. W. Wright and wife,—"What? Yes, G. W. Wright and wife have taken rooms in College and board with Joel this summer.

John G. Kerr, a day or two after reaching home, caught forty rats at one sitting. That shows the advantage of attending College, and learning something.

H. H. Shideler is successor to Stanley and Shideler. Emma is measuring off calico, etc., and licking stamps for her father this summer.

Dog fennel now abounds in the streets of Merom. Last summer it

gave way to a new weed, one with which your correspondent is unac quainted; but this year our old familiar acquaintance has returned, and holds his former position in our midst

On dit that a Bachelor, well known to the members of Acedemic Department, will return in September a Benedict. Look out, boys.

The Faculty have consented to assist in a Normal at Sullivan, Prof Cain Director, commencing July 23, and continuing six weeks. Ye pedagogues, attend.

Catalogues of U. C College, 1877, may be had by applying either in person or by letter, to

T. C. SMITH, President,
Merom, Ind.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Upon assuming the editorial management of OUR WORK for a brief period, it is proper that something more should be said as to the end that is to be sought by its publication.

There is not the remotest intention to supplant any established periodical, to attempt to fill wants already supplied, nor to be an Ishmaelite in any sense.

OUR WORK is intended to be an *Educational Chrtstian Monthly*, forming a medium of communication between the several schools of the Christians and being an exponent of their culture and their thought.

Such it has been in the past, and such we hope to continue it in the future.

Beyond the productions from our schools we hope to secure many from the too long silent pens of Alumni, Ministers and Laymen of the church, and other friends of education whose warm hearts breed so many and such pure thoughts they ought not withhold them.

Moreover it is intended, in the future, to make Union Christion College the head and front of all its work; for the College primarily and specially was it founded, and has it been conducted. But one change will be made in this respect—it will be brought more closely to the students by making them its managers, and by confering upon them a part of its editorial work.

The present editor did not seek the position, and consents to attempt the work only upon the general promise of co operation on the part of many teachers, students, alumni, and friends. And, now, with a hearty "God-speed-you" he takes up his scissors and pen.

The July No. of this magazine will be issued as soon as it can be prepared. It is the intention to make it a *Summer number*, and of special worth to its subscribers. The oration of Prof. Morgan, "The Seige of Magdeburg," a short story, with poetry to suit, will make up the body of the number. This we shall try to set off with local and personal paragraphs, items of interesting news from various parts of the country, and the whole will be spiced with witty sayings and funny doings.

"A song worth its weight in gold," entitled "Bless the Badge of Heaven's Blue" by Charlie Baker, and dedicated to Francis Murphy, containing a cabinet sized photograph of that temperance hero, may be had by ordering of F. W. Helmick, 50 West 4th street, Cincinnati, O., enclosing 50 cents—

We have received a copy and like it, and believe it with other good songs of temperance ought to be learned and sung by every youth of our land.

The Christian Age, People's Home ournal, and Herald of Gospel Lib- ty, denominational papers, are all ited with rare tact and ability.

Having a personal acquaintance ith the editor of each, we feel war- nted in saying that they all bring ead, heart, and conscience into it.

Cornell Review is a 24 page month- , nine numbers constituting a vol- me, furnished to subscribers by mail r $2 35 per volume. It is edited ith considerable ability.

"The College Message is published onthly by the students of St. Vin- ent"s College, Cape Girardean, Mis- uri." Emanating from a Roman atholic institution, it comes to our nctum not on the hunt of heresy but ith the order of sanctity. It is a very eadable paper.

We append the following from the st number for the year, June 18, as will be of interest to our protestant eaders :

The Golden Jubilee of our Holy ather, Pius IX, was duly celebrated ere. The usual festival service was eld in the college chapel. At the urch a solemn high mass was anted. Rev. W. J. Murphy, C. M., elebrant ; Rev. J. Downing, C. M., eacon, and Mr. J. J. Harty, sub- eacon. V. Rev. Fr. Hickey preached. fter the mass the Blessed Sacrament as carried in procession through the urch. The little girls deserve spe- al mention for the beautiful part they ok in the ceremony.

Mr. James O. Woodruff, of Indian- olis, proposes to take a party of ientific men around the world, with nited number of students, of sound ealth, good character, and not less an sixteen years of age.

The members of the faculty are se- ted from Cornell, Yale, Harvard, lumbia, Michigan, and University of Berne, Switzerland, and from the U. S. Navy.

The list is an imposing array of names, and will form a very compe- tent corps of instructors.

The route is West Indies, doubling Cape Horn, crossing the South Pacif- ic,—visiting many of its islands,— Australia, China, Japan, East India, through Red Sea and Suez Canal to Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Spain, France, England, and home via New York, the point of starting.

The time consumed will be two years, and the membership fee is $5,000.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Subscription Price of OUR WORK, Vol. 2, Twelve Numbers, $1.20.

The plan by which OUR WORK will be continued through Vol. II, which runs to July, 1878, is the formation of an Association. "It is composed of members of the Alumni, students, and members of the Literary Societies of U. C. College. There are at the present, over twenty members enrolled.

The business of the Association is committed to a "Business Manager," (not yet elected), except when the Association elects to do its own business as a body.

The literary work is committed to three editors, one from each society, the Linconia and the Franklin, and an editor-in chief, elected by the Association. The following roster of officers will give some idea of the character of the work that will be done.

Prof. J. H. Ford, President of Association ; W. P. Knode, class '79, Secretary ; — — ———business manager ; T. C. Smith, editor in-chief ; John S. Board, Class 80, edit-

or for Linconia Society; G. W. Finley, Class '79, editor for Franklin.

We send this first number of Vol. II to all the subscribers of Vol. I, with a respectful invitation to each to renew his subscription, and to extend the circulation of the magazine by obtaining as many subscribers to send on with his own as possible.

The subscription price is now due. We need money *constantly*, and *at once*. The bills for each number must be settled each month, for we are determined, if any one loses money by this venture, it must be the Association itself.

Remember, Vol. II will contain twelve numbers, and the price is $1 20, Specimen copies 10 cents each.

Send all remittances, until advised further, to T. C. SMITH, Editor,
Merom, Sullivan Co., Ind.

We shall acknowledge each month *all cash* received for subscriptions. By this means, each one who remits money, may learn of its safe arrival, as the acknowledgement in this department will be our receipt.

We hope our friends will be prompt in the work of renewing and making up clubs.

At our low rates we cannot afford to offer a large discount, and chromos have become worthless and *"ausgespielt."*

Remember ten numbers will be sent, post paid, for $1 00; the entire volume II, twelve numbers, for $1.20.

Let names be sent in at once, and our way made easy, by prompt remittance.

Our club rates are withdrawn for the present, as the change in price of OUR WORK will make necessary a a new schedule of prices. It will appear in July number.

Portrait of Benjamin Franklin.

Donation.

During last term some unknown yet benevolent person, donated to th Franklin Society an elegant oil pain ing of Benjamin Franklin—our e emplar. The post mark being blotte no trace of the donor could be su mised. The society passed the follow ing, unanimously:

WHEREAS, Some unknown an generous friend or absent member h donated our society a superb portra of our illustrious exemplar, Benjami Franklin. Therefore,

Resolved, That we extend to th donor a vote of thanks as a slight ex pression of our grateful hearts; an further,

Resolved, That we regard him a one who has made practical our motto *Bonum Exemplum Sequimur.*

J. M. WARD, President.
LAURA THAYER, Secretary.

Franklin's Advice to Young Trades men.

Remember that time is money. H that can earn ten shillings a day at hi labor, and goes abroad or sits idle one half of that day, though he spend but a sixpence during his diversion o idleness, ought not to reckon that th only expense; he has spent, or rathe thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that credit is money. I a man lets his money lie in my hand after it is due, because he has a good opinion of my credit, he gives me th interest, or so much as I can make o the money during that time. Thi amounts to a considerable sum where a man has large credit and makes good use of it.

Remember that money is a prolific or multiplying nature. Money ca

duce money, and its offspring can duce more, and so on. Five shil-gs turned is six—turned again, it is en and three-pence; and so on till becomes a hundred pounds. The re there is of it, the more it pro-es every turning, so that the prof-rise quicker and quicker. He that ows away a crown destroys all that might have produced, even scores pounds.

Remember that six pounds a year out a groat a day. For this little n (which may be daily wasted, her in time or expense, unper ved), a man of credit may, on his n security, have the constant pos-sion and use of a hundred pounds. much in stock, briskly turned by industrious man, produces great vantage.

Remember the saying, "The good ymaster is lord of another man's rse." He that is known to pay nctually and exactly to the time he omises, may at any time and on y occasion raise all the money his ends can spare. This is sometimes great use. Next to industry and igality, nothing contributes more to e raising of a man in the world than nctuality and justice in all dealing. nerefore, never keep borrowed mon-an hour beyond the time promised, t a disappointment may shut up ur friend's purse forever.

The most trifling actions that affect man's credit are to be regarded. ne sound of a hammer at five in the orning or nine at night, heard by e creditor, makes him easy six nths longer; but if he sees you at billiard table, or hears your voice at tavern, when you should be at rk, he sends for his money the next y, and demands it before it is con-nient for you to pay him.

Lightning.

The celebrated experiment of Ben Franklin, by which he demonstrated the identity of lightning and the common electric spark, was performed by him in June, 1752, at Philadelphia, Pa. Having made a cross stick kite, he covered it with a silk handkerchief instead of paper, so that it would stand rain, attached a tail, etc. The upper end of the cross had an iron point, connected by a string to the usual kite cord, which was of hemp. To the lower end of the cord an iron key was attached, and to that a short length of silk ribbon, as a non-conductor, by which the kite string could be safely held in the hand. On the approach of a thunder storm he proceeded to a common near the city, and with the assistance of his son, sent up the kite. Ere long the thunder-cloud approached, the electricity came down the kite-string, and Franklin, standing under a shed, received the electric sparks, through his knuckles which he applied to the key, and charged his Leyden-jar key. The rain then fell, which improved the conductivity of the kite-cord, and the electricity appeared in increased quantity.

The news of this wonderful experiment rapidly spread over the world, and was extensively repeated. In France, Prof. Romas made a kite seven feet high, with a fine wire interwoven in the string. The kite was raised 550 feet, and is alleged to have yielded flashes of electric fire ten feet in length. In St. Petersburg, Prof. Richman, while attempting to repeat Franklin's experiments, received so heavy a shock of electricity that he fell dead. This was in 1793.

As you cannot avoid your own company, make it as good as possible.

Noah and Satan.

We have read a fable which we think contains a great amount of truth in its morals. It is to the effect that while Noah was planting his vineyard, the devil comes to him and says:

"What are you doing here, Noah?"

"Planting a vineyard," says Noah.

"What is the use of a vineyard?" says the devil.

"Its fruit," says Noah, "whether fresh or dry, is sweet and good, and its wine gladdens the heart."

The devil evidently came disguised as an angel of light, and he says to Noah, "Let us work it on shares."

"Agreed," says Noah.

Now, what does the devil do? He brings a lamb, and a lion, and a hog, and a monkey, sacrifices them on the spot, and mingles their blood with the soil. Wherefore, if a man only eats the fruit of the vineyard, he is mild and gentle as a lamb; if he drinks of the wine, he imagines himself a lion; if he drinks habitually, he becomes unmannerly and disgusting as a hog; if he gets drunk, he jabbers, jumps, and is as silly and nasty as a monkey.

A lady, consulting the late Mr. Abernethy on a nervous disorder, entered into a long, frivolous and fantastic detail of the symptoms. Unsatisfied with being referred to his "book" for instructions respecting the treatment of her complaints, she persisted in endeavoring to extract further information from Mr. Abernethy. After suffering her volubility with considerable patience for a while, he exclaimed to the repeated "May I eat oysters, doctor? May I eat suppers?" "I'll tell you what ma'am, you may eat anything but the poker and the bellows; for the one is hard of digestion, and the other is full of wind!"

Pedigree of Words.

A study of the pedigree of many words which are in daily use would prove more fascinating than any other kind of mental recreation. French in his little work on the "Study of Words," has done much to cultivate the taste for this kind of investigation but he made only a beginning. The field inexhaustible.

"Jet" derives its name from the Gagates, a river of Lycia, where was found the black stones which the French call gegate, or jact, which we abbreviate into jet.

Pamphylia, a Greek lady who compiled a history of the world in thirty five little books, has given her name to the "pamphlet."

"Punch and July" are the relics of an ancient mystery play, in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

"Dollar" is from the German thaler which is derived from Thal, the valley of Joachim, in Bohemia, where the silver works were situated that made this coin.

"Bigot" is from Visigoth, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth conqueror of Spain has been handed down to infancy.

"Humbug" is from Hamburg; "a piece of Hamburg news," was in Germany a proverbial expression for false rumors.

"Exhort" and "yeast" are from the same root, which signifies something boiling or overflowing.

"Gass" and "gust" have the same parentage.

"Blue Jeans Williams" probably does not know that the fabric from which he gets his name was originally made by Moors, at Jean, in Spain.

"Gauze" derives its name from Gaza where it was first made.

Damask silk was first made at Damcus.

The word "panic" has a curious digin. According to Herodotus, the d Pan was supposed to have assisted e Greeks at the battle of Marathon, 0 B. C., striking such a terror into e Persian host that they fled to their ips in perfect dismay. From that me the Greek word *panikon* was ed to describe unreasonable or sudn and overpowering fear.

"Tabby cat" is all unconscious that r name is derived from Atab, a faous street in Bagdad, inhabited by e mauufacturers of the silken stuffs lled Atabi our taffety; the wavy arkings of the watered silk resembng pussy's coat.

"Old Scratch" is the demon Skratti ho still survives in the superstitions Northern Europe.

"Old Nick" is none other than Nikr, e dangerous water-demon of Scandiavian legend.

In the phrase "Deuce take it," the ity Tiw still continues to be invoked. his book, "De Civitate Die," Auistine speaks of "*quosdam dœ ones dusios Galli nuncupant.*"

The Lemon takes its name from the ty of Lima.—[Literary Reporter.

OR OUR WORK.

The first annivesary of Proctor cademy, was held Friday, p. m. anuary 1.

After music on the piano prayer was fered by Rev. E. H. Wright. The st piece was an oration by W. A. ucker upon "Man and his Ideas."—

The second part was an essay by iss Clara E. Elkins on William enn. The other essays were by Miss aria A. Shockly on "Let there be ight;" Miss Elzira A. Keneston on "Step by Step"; Miss Lill E. Philbrick on "Room up Higher"; and Miss M. Alice Philbrick on "Sunshine after Shadow." An original poem was read by the author, Miss Bessie E. Sawyer.

Julius B. Hale delivered an oration on "Poland," and the valedictory oration was delivered by Charles Fitfield, the subject being "Cause and Effect." After a brief address by the Principal, the diplomas were presented to the graduating class, which consisted of the last named young men. Remarks were made by Revs. C. P. Smith, E. H. Wright and O. J. Wait. On the whole, the exercises were pleasant and creditable to all concerned.

The evening previous there was a contest in declamation between sixteen young ladies and gentlemen, for three prizes. The committee of award gave the first prize to Miss Lill E. Philbrick; the second to Miss Maria A. Shockley; and the third to Miss Elzira A. Keneston. The others received an honorable mention, and nearly all did well. It was the first occasion of the kind, but it will probably be perpetuated.

If the friends of Proctor Academy would rally to its support, with sufficient funds to complete the half finished boarding house, it would soon be on a firm footing. We hope this may be the case ere long.

"God bless dear papa and mamma, and oh, dear Lord, please make us very stylish!" was the prayer of a little New York girl whose parents were "fashionable."

The First Aim of Education.

I accept without qualification the first principle of our forefathers; that every boy born in the world should be put in the way of maintaining himself in independence. No education which does not make this its first aim is worth anything at all. There are but three ways of living, as some one has said—by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two. The practical necessities must take precedence of the intellectual. A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can possibly be built.—[Froude.

Money and Genius.

It is a common notion that a man of genius cannot take care of himself or manage his own affairs. It is a foolish notion, for genius does not, as the small pox is said to expel other diseases, drive out common sense. It is an erroneous notion, and its error is shown by the fact that many modern men of genius manage their own affairs with as much prudence as a carpenter a merchant or a banker.

Bancroft and Motley among historians, Longfellow, Bryant and Tennyson among poets, are living examples to prove that the possession of genius does not make a man an idiot in the management of his own finances. These poets and historians, and the list might be increased by the addition of scores of names of prudent men of genius, unite the hardest common sense to gifts of imagination and expression.

Sir Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, once remarked that he sometimes found it expedient to curb the impulses of his generosity by a rush into parsimony. "Not that I love money unwisely," he added; "but I must certainly respect it, as Lord Bacon respected knowledge, and for the same reason, because it is power—power to be independent, power to please yourself, and power to be of service to other people.

Robert Burns has expressed the same idea, so full of sound common sense, in his poem, addressed "To a Young Friend:"

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor.
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

An old preacher, who had several calls to take a parish, asked his servant where he should go, and the servant said, "Go where there is most sin, sir." And the preacher concluded that that was good advice, and so he went where there was the most money!

Letter Writing.

An exercise which should be introduced into all our schools is letter-writing. Aside from the instruction in composition which is thus imparted it accustoms children to express themselves naturally in correspondence. It may sound incredible, but it is true, that many grown-up people, and teachers at that, do not know how to write the simplest business letter. They cannot place the address and date in the proper place, and they do not know how to express what they want to say. They can talk intelligibly, but when it comes to writing, their sense seems to desert them. The reason of this is that they have never had practice under a competent instructor. A few hours each week spent in this exercise would be profitably employed.

A Non Sequitur.

The *non sequitur* is thus feelingly displayed in the postal card letter of a wife to her absent husband:

I am most sick, baby is under the doctor's care, and James and the other children have the measles. All the women are wearing back combs, and don't forget to write often. We all send love, and our house almost got in fire last night. JANE.

"A passive verb," said a teacher, expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as 'Peter is beaten.' Now, what did Peter do?" "Well, I don't know now," said the scholar, deliberating, unless he hollered."

A Fine Point of Etiquette.

The finest point to which etiquette may be carried was recently illustrated by a friend Hyacinth, who announced the possibility of his going to Greenwood on decoration day.

Hyacinth has a soldier brother buried in that cemetery, and Mrs. H. suggested that if he did go he should provide himself with flowers to deck "dear Will's" grave.

Late in the day he returned.

"Did you go to Greenwood?" asked Mrs. Hyacinth.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm real sorry you went off without any flowers to put on Will's grave," said the kind hearted little woman.

"Oh, never mind," said the complacent Hyacinth—"I left my visiting card."

Perhaps brother Will was just as well pleased with this delicate mark of attention.—[Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for August.

A young lady alighting from a stage coach, dropped a ribbon from her bonnet into the bottom of the carriage. You have left your bow behind," remarked a lady passenger. "No, I haven't, he's gone a fishing," innocent ly exclaimed the damsel.

A young man who started for the Black Hills, halted this side of the objective point and commenced to dig, and the result was a quarter of a pound of lead inside of fifteen minutes. He dug it out of his leg, where it had been deposited by a noble red man.

Knowledge is power—power to control the hand, the eye, the tongue, the ear, the heart; power to influence your fellow-man for good or evil; power to perceive causes and calculate their effects; power to arrange premises and draw conclusions; power to harness the forces of nature to the car of industry; power to make the best uses of our resources; power to direct our energies to the best advantage.—[Heald's (Col.) Journal.

"It was simply an informal affair," wrote the editor, of a little strawberry party at a neighbor's house. "It was simply an infernal affair," read the compositor, and that editor will never get any more invitations from that quarter.

"Hold the Fort" is a grand song, but is not appropriate for all occasions. At least so some people thought when a worthy deacon, on some anniversary occasion, formed his Sunday School in line and marched them along the aisles, himself in front, and all vigorously singing "Hold the Fort." The consternation which seized all parties at the second stanza—

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on—"

can be better imagined than described.

A husband, finding a piece broken out of his plate and another out of his saucer, petulantly exclaimed to his wife, "My dear, it seems to me that everything belonging to you is broken." "Well, yes," replied the wife, "even you seem to be a little cracked."

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